



-[Call this whatever you think it should be called]-



👁 36 ✓ 0 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Rose Richie Deslorges

I knew a girl.

I saw her every day.

Her head hung low and shoulders slumped,
But through all the pain;
She'd smile.

I knew a girl,
Who became distant from the world,
And befriended a tool;
A tool that can cost her, her life.
..and mine.

I knew a girl who kept everything in the dark,
And who's best friend was the gray cloud which hung over her head,
Producing rain.

I'd watch as the rain hit her barely standing body,

As it puddled at her feet,

Arising,

I knew that girl!

Who'd smile radiantly at me,

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But who's eyes begged to differ.

I'd stare at her through the mirror,
Whilst she gazed back at me,
Her eyes beaming,
Tears creeping.

If she ends, she ends me.

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